

52

A NEW SONG, BEING THE TORIES TRYUMPH, OR, THE Point well Weathered: *A long song*

To a New Theatre Tune.

25 Sept. 1682

I.

Some say, the Papists had a Plot,
Against the Church and Crown;
But be it so, or be it not,
The King must please the Town.
The Papists take Tybours by turns,
To please the City-Gulls;
It's strange, that they, who all wear Horns,
Should fear the Popish Bull's,

II.

The House of Commons blow the Coals,
The Nation to dis settle;
And, like true Tinkers, make two Holes,
To mend one in a Kettle:
Or else, What needs that precious Vote,
That if the King should Fall
By Pagans, or Phanatick Plot,
The Pope must pay for all?

III.

Our Royal James of Princely Race, *Duke of York*,
And High Illustrious Fame,
Was not thought fit, by Commons base,
To follow Charles's Waine:
But let that House of Office know,
When they have Sow'd their Leaven,
He shall Succeed, though they say no,
By all the Laws of Heaven.

IV.

Old Cavaliers for Loyalty
They straight Clapt up for Treason,
In hopes to bring in Anarchy,
'Gainst Justice, Senie, and Reason.
Brave Halifax and Feversham,
Brave Worcester, Just and Wise,
They did Vote down, as dangerous Men,
That they Themselves might Rise.

V.

But Oh! that Lord in Leistershire,
Turn'd Catchpole, though too Late;
'Tis better Priests in Prison were,
Then Bums should loose their Trade:
For Priest poor Waller never sought,
But where was Golden Crosses;
His Mirmidons went Snacks, 'tis Thought,
In all the Owners Losses.

VI.

The Doctor he has bid Farewell *3' Octo.*
To Jesus, and the Cours; *Excelling Staff.*
And Tony's Tap runs flat and dull, *Excelling Staff.*
Makes Catch in hopes of Sport.
Bleu Protestants can make no work,
Unless like Hungary,
They for Religion Joyn the Turk,
For Christian Liberty.

London, Printed for J. D. in the Year 1682.